

Our Special Sale Is Still on and We Are Cutting Prices More than Ever

Did You See Those

40c Shirts

in our window or those Eclipse shirts at

90c

Don't miss the chance to buy a

\$3 Hat at 90c

They are odds and ends but there are a lot of good ones among them.

M. Mandell

THE LIVE CLOTHIER

159 AUTO LICENSES TAKEN OUT IN BERNALILLO

Cheves Leads With 213 Buzz Wagon Permits; Total Issued so far This Year Over a Thousand.

Santa Fe, N. M., Jan. 15.—The warrant sent out by the secretary of state that the time limit is expiring for taking out auto licenses has had the result of rapidly increasing the rate at which the fees are coming in. Up to date, including the licenses sent out last night from the office of the secretary of state, automobile licenses had been sent to auto owners in the various counties as follows: Bernalillo, 159; Cheves, 213; Colfax, 46; Curry, 10; Dona Ana, 24; Eddy, 69; Grant, 111; McKinley, 22; Mora, 3; Otero, 13; Quay, 19; Rio Arriba, 11; Roosevelt, 24; Sandoval, 5; San Juan, 9; San Miguel, 49; Santa Fe, 451; Sierra, 4; Socorro, 62; Taos, 2; Torrance, 15; Union, 12; Valencia, 11; Guadalupe, 5; Lincoln, 14; and Luna, 54; total, 1,821.

The board of bar examiners today made the following report on the recent examination for admission to the bar: Admitted: George S. Paul, Roosevelt; J. C. Gilbert, Roosevelt; Walter M. Danburg, Farmington; Harry C. Miller, Albuquerque; John J. Kenney, Santa Fe; Henry A. Kiker, Cimarron; G. C. Taylor, Albuquerque; Charles L. Kennedy, Ancho; J. S. Vaughn, Deming; Lee R. York, Capitani; R. D. Richards, Gallup; George Longue, Santa Fe; A. G. Perrot, Roosevelt. The bar examiners in their report to the court, also suggested that part of the last examination in the future be devoted to the constitution of New Mexico.

In the supreme court case, No. 1566, entitled Numa Raymond vs. Herbert B. Holt, administrator, set for a hearing today, was postponed and reset for February 16, and case No. 1577, entitled J. H. Wood and J. A. Davis, partners, vs. J. H. Sloan, postponed and reset for January 22.

EQUALIZATION BOARD RAISES SHEEP VALUATION

The state board of equalization, which will not conclude its sessions until tomorrow, has ordered considerable increases in the valuation of cattle and sheep. The minimum valuation of common sheep was increased from \$5.39 to \$5.75 a head, except that lambs under one year are to be assessed at a minimum of \$2.75 a head. Improved sheep, were advanced from \$4.05 to \$4.50 per head except that lambs are to be assessed at a minimum of \$2. The classification of cattle was also increased so that it ranges from \$18 for common stock to \$21 for graded range calves; \$24 for graded calves in pasture and \$30 for thoroughbreds. For cows the minimum valuations under the same classification are to be from \$20 to \$25 per head, as against \$17 to \$22 per head last year.

On banks the valuation of last year is to stand, and the same on railroads except that the assessment on the Donito pipe line line of the El Paso & Southwestern has been reduced \$100,000 to allow for depreciation.

The valuation of the Western Union Telegraph company was reduced from \$125 to \$110 per mile on its main line wires, and from \$20 to \$15 per mile on its other wires.

Chronic Indigestion Permanently Cured.

"Six years ago," writes E. E. Carpenter, East Aurora, N. Y., "I was in very bad shape suffering from indigestion, could not eat solid food, when a friend advised me to try Chamberlain's Tablets. I found such relief from one box that I continued using them until cured, and though six years have elapsed I have not felt the slightest return of my former trouble." For sale by all druggists.

Impressions of a Twelve Hundred Mile "Mush" Across Frozen Alaska

A random, unreviewed account of a midwinter overland trip from Nome to Cordova, Valdez, and Seward, Alaska, with philosophical, economical and political views regarding the great northern territory. By B. S. Hodey of Albuquerque, ex-United States Attorney at Nome.

On January 12th, 1912, while wintering at Nome, an United States district attorney of the Second division of Alaska, I received cable instructions from the attorney general of the United States, to proceed to Seattle, Washington, to attend to some public business. I immediately proceeded to prepare for the great trip or "mush." This trip has not been performed or undertaken by an excited twenty people in the history of the country. It took several days to find a party with a proper dog team, and to purchase proper clothing. The distance to Fairbanks up the Yukon from Nome is about 350 miles, and from there down over the Delta Pass to Cordova is somewhere near 400, I think. I doubt if a trip to the north pole is much different, save as to the amount of supplies and food to be carried, and the necessity of sleeping out every night instead of in the roadhouses, of which there is an abundance along the entire route of the trip I made. Happily the commander of the neighboring military post, (Fort Davis) on my certifying that the things were for public use, permitted me to purchase what I needed from the army stores there, and which I could not get elsewhere. These military gentlemen also very courteously made it pleasant for me during the trip, by instructing the Signal Corps boys along the trail and the Yukon to look out for the outfit, and gave me letters to those in charge at Fort Gibbon, where the officers treated me royally. I am under obligations to them all, and let me say before I forget it, that the neatness, order and condition, as well as the courtesy of those in charge of the Signal Corps station along the long route, is and was of the very best. True, we lodged at but two places, with the corps along the route, at "Old Woman" and Fort Gibbon, but we camped at nearly every station for messes, or to send some, for I attended to a good deal of Alaskan matters on the way, as I ascertained the necessary facts. It makes a man proud of his country, to see the red-blooded, clean-cut young men in charge of these stations, and to observe the order and neatness of the surroundings in this wild and bleak Arctic region.

Our route lay from Nome due east and north around Golofin sound and bay, and across the portage to Norton bay, and northeast around the bay, and then across it southeast to Isaac's point, and the southeast to Unalakleet, and thence east to the portage and the divide to the mighty Yukon at Kaltag, and thence north-east with the river, for hundreds of miles to Fort Gibbon and the Tanana, and southeast from there to Fairbanks. From the latter point we proceeded almost directly south to and over the Delta Pass and down the Pacific divide, via the Copper river, to Chitina, where the Copper river and the Chitina river, (the Copper's northern branch) are joined, and thence on the railroad south and southwest to Cordova, and then by boat to Valdez, Seward and Seattle.

The trip from Nome to Fairbanks occupied twenty days, but might have been made in two days less time, had roadhouses been conveniently located, because on four occasions we were obliged to end our journey at about 3 p. m., because of the great distance to the next roadhouse, which it was not feasible to make that same day. At Fairbanks, we lost two days waiting for the sled stage going south. I also lost half a day and another half a day, owing to the deep snow on the railroad line. I also lost a full day at Cordova, waiting for the arrival of the boat, and of course, the trip over to Valdez and Seward was also lost time and amounted to four full days. In fact, I took that trip only because the boat fare was the same from Cordova, Valdez or Seward, and making the trip enabled me to see two additional towns of the territory, and attend to some Alaskan business concerns, which I could not do if I remained at Cordova for the return of the boat, the hotel bill would have been the same as the fare on the boat over and back.

The present 1911-12 winter has been the mildest in the history of Alaska, insofar as the oldest Eskimo residents can remember. We were detained from starting January the 12th to the 20th because of lack of snow, and while places along the line had heavy snow, still there were several stretches of fifty miles or more each, where sledging was very difficult, as the ground was almost bare. The temperature was mild, ranging from 20 degrees below to 20 degrees above zero, the larger part of the time being from ten below to five above. On one or two occasions, it may have been as cold as twenty-five below zero for a few hours, but generally speaking, it was as stated.

I engaged Captain Peter Bernard, an Americanized French Canadian, to make the trip with me. The poor fellow, although he had wired to Seattle before starting, did not get a return passenger from Fairbanks as he had hoped, nor did my efforts from Fairbanks down to the coast succeed in getting him one, and so he was obliged to return home with an empty sled. Owing to the length of the trip and the return, and to the fact that dog feed had increased in price more than a hundred per cent, he had left to himself not to exceed three dollars per day net for his month's and a half labor of himself and his eleven dog team, when the current rate for such an outfit is at least \$15.00 per day net. The captain had made the trip from Nome to the coast on four previous occasions, and is a veteran "musher," and one of the hardest men in Alaska, despite his age of fifty-four years. His "leader" dog, "Jim," having made the trip, counting this one, five times, is therefore the greatest veteran dog in all Alaska.

Four of the other dogs had also made the trip from one to three times, and were also insured to its hardships. Three of the dogs were yearling pups that I had seen grow up during the previous year at Nome around the kennels of the captain. Their experience previous to this trip consisted of being permitted to follow the team during two or three six-mile practice drives. It was curious for the first few days to watch their antics, but in a short time, they learned to mush with the procession, and seemingly were equal to any dogs in the team. It was amusing to see how they balked at entering the first timber we came to. They did not know what the trees were and were afraid of them, but the older dogs pulled them in to the entering trail and soon the smell of the rabbits and other animals in the timber brought them to the end of the trail, and they were as the other dogs. Also when we came to the first glacier of ice on the Yukon, the pups braced themselves and protested against entering on it, no doubt thinking it was water, but the leader, Jim, looked at them in disgust and pulled them onto it by main force, and in a moment later their scare was over, and they went along the same as the rest. The captain was forced to permit the pups to remain loose at the roadhouse kennels, because they would keep everybody awake by their howling, if confined. The mail-dog teams had a hard time this winter over this trail, because of the lack of snow and their heavy loads.

A foot of snow having fallen at Nome and for a considerable distance east of it by the 20th of January, we managed to get started on that date. Hundreds of people came out to see us start, and though it was, and we were the objects of many kodak pictures. Unfortunately, my own kodak and one I borrowed from the soldier boys on the way, both proved to be out of order, and hence I am without pictures of the great trip. Both kodaks were put out of commission by the sled capturing, which it did dozens of times during the trip. During the trip we started very early each morning, often before 3 a. m., so as to get to the end of our day's journey at some reasonable hour in the evening, the captain needing the time to cook food for his rare fur and doctor his dogs. The captain is one of the most humane "mushers" I ever knew, and it was a comfort to be with a man who used so little profanity and took such splendid care of the animals. His wife, who is as much of a "musher" as he is, is a surgical and medical nurse, containing all things required for man and beast in the medical or surgical line. When the weather-beaten hard ice in places, as well as the sand pads of the dogs' paws, were between the feet, the captain put moccasins on their feet, and when they tore each other in fights, which they often did, he would sit up away into the night to bathe the wound in warm water, put ointment on it, and on several occasions, sewed the wound with needle and thread he had for that purpose.

At times, just for the exercise of it, I would get out and run at half, for a mile or two, but later, sometimes as much as ten or more miles, while the captain rode, but as a general thing, the trails were so good, that we both rode, and even this weight with our baggage was not too much for the dogs, who would trot so fast on these good trails that neither of us could keep up on foot. However, as Captain Peter was the "musher" and a veteran at it, and I was the passenger paying the fare, he did most of the running behind and talked continually to his dogs, which, by the way, seemed to like it. The captain would sometimes run as much as twenty miles on a dog-trail behind the sled, when it was as cold as 20 degrees below zero, or 25 degrees of frost. I never did know why the scientists began to measure cold a second time at zero, because zero is itself 22 degrees of frost, and zero weather is about as miserably cold as the average man wants to experience. On several occasions, at the beginning of the trip, I bought food for the dogs out of my own pocket, just to get the chance to feed it to them and get acquainted with the animals. At times I took part in trying them on for hours at a time and they seemed to delight in the melody of a polka I used to whistle for them, which seemed to harmonize with their tireless wolf-trot in a way that pleased them. When I would stop whistling they would stop trotting, and wistfully glance around, as if asking me to continue. It was interesting at times to see how a pair of the dogs would get vexed at each other and get into such a vicious fight that the captain would have to separate them with the vigorous session of his black-anke whip, and time and again, he had to charge the teams so as to get the dogs that were vexed at each other separated, until they forgot about the enmity that they held for each other. No matter how dogs in a team may fight, whenever they meet another dog team, they are all friends, and promptly attack the opposing team as a body, and the strange dogs do likewise this to them.

Thickly settled sections of the country teams will pass each other at times without fighting, but when one team meets another out on a lone trail, it usually means that the one with the lightest load goes many yards off the trail to avoid the conflict.

The mail-dog teams are all composed of about twenty dogs each. West of the Yukon they are harnessed in pairs, but on the river, many of them go single file. They are usually heavy, long-haired dogs and their bushy tails, wagging in the wind, look at a distance, like a procession of feather dusters. It is not pleasant for the dogs of teams going in opposite directions to get into a fight in the snow, and when it occurs all hands have to turn to separate them, and it often happens that one or more of the dogs is seriously wounded, sometimes to the extent of being put out of commission. Every "musher" loves his dogs and Captain "Pete," even though a man of peace, at times forget himself when the opposing "musher" would abuse his dogs in the effort to separate them, and on several occasions, I had to be as much of a peacemaker between men as the other men were between the dogs. Just a few miles east of Nome, the captain and a man who had violently kicked one of his dogs were very near coming to blows.

I suffered a great deal with the cold at first, because I did not know how to keep warm and exposed my face and hands too much to the cold, and did not know how to keep the ice from my face and from the fur surrounding my nostrils and lips. I had a great desire to keep my head out and to take in the scenery along the mighty river, but I soon learned that the best way to avoid frost-bites in the face was to cover myself completely in the robe every few minutes, until I warmed up. When we passed Solonchok, east of Nome, we struck a violent blizzard that lasted for five or six hours, and we made but poor progress. We had a hard time to keep from freezing ourselves, and several of the dogs had their lips and ears frozen, which the captain had to amputate at evening. At times we made as low as twenty miles a day and walked most of it in eighteen inches of snow; at other times we made as many as fifty-five miles a day over a splendid trail and in a continuous trot. The captain had put wooden sleds under the steel runners of his sled when we started, because the snow was so soft and deep, but he had to remove them several times when we stopped at the roadhouses at night. This was quite a mechanical task; he had to do this with the varying trails. On a new trail east of Fort Gibbon, which was cut through the scrub timber, there was practically no snow, and the poor dogs had to pull the sled and the baggage over the moss, stumps and bare ground, and both of us had to walk a distance of nearly fifty miles. Several of the lone men "mushers," who are always on the trail moving from camp to camp, kept up with us all day and away into the night without effort. The captain had reduced his baggage to the minimum and so had I; trunks are out of the question, and a war-bag and a grip, and those of only moderate size, are all that custom allows in a dog-team, so that's all we had. I must say my trunk comes out, after the opening of navigation.

(To Be Continued.)

When You Are Ill. Food ferments in your stomach when you are ill. Quit eating and take a full dose of Chamberlain's Tablets. They will clean your stomach out and strengthen your stomach, and tomorrow you will relish your food again. The best way for biliousness. For sale by all druggists.

1-4 OFF ON ALL MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS

No reservations here—no attempt to unload old stock. This is a straight, clearance offer of 25 per cent off the regular low prices on our HIGH GRADE CLOTHES FOR MEN.

MEN'S HATS Were \$2.50, now \$1.50

SHIRTS for 75c

This is the Shirt Snap of the year—good quality negligee shirts that sold at from 1.00 to \$1.25—all go at 75c.

HUB Clothing Co. Second and Central.

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Bernard Shandon Hodey announces his permanent return home, from his different government employments and the resumption of his general law practice. His offices are for the present in the 1200 Library building over the McIntosh Hardware store, Central avenue. He hopes to get employment from all over the state.

CORNISH IN DEMAND AS A COACH

Yale Wants His Services and University of West Virginia Is Also After Albuquerque Man.

Gillette C. ("Doc") Cornish of Albuquerque, son of Dr. and Mrs. E. G. Cornish, football and basketball star at Yale, and but for an untimely injury quarterback on the All-American football team for 1913, is much in demand as a football coach, according to news received by friends here. Cornish has been invited by the Yale football authorities to return next fall after his graduation as graduate coach and he has also received from the University of West Virginia at Morgantown a flattering proposition to come there and officiate as head coach at a fat salary. It is not known as yet whether Cornish will accept either proposition. Cornish has made one of the best football and basketball records in the history of Yale and especially on the gridiron is recognized as master of the intricacies of the game.

CALIFORNIA LIMITED KILLS TWO

Fatal Collision With Auto Occurs at Pasadena Crossing Where Accident Happened a Week Ago.

Los Angeles, Jan. 16.—William Y. Newlands of Main street and Mrs. Catherine Newlands, were killed Wednesday afternoon at the Santa Fe crossing at the Pasadena strick farm when the California Limited struck their automobile.

The collision occurred at the death-trap crossing where, just a week previously, Mrs. Isabel Symington was killed and her son and daughter, James and Edith Symington, and Miss Thora Hagan were seriously injured when their automobile was demolished by the Santa Fe's San Bernardino local train.

Newlands was instantly killed, and his mother, taken aboard the train, expired before the train reached La Granda station. Mrs. Newlands was the widow of William Newlands, who in the early

Ugly Sores Quickly Banished

You Marvel How Worst Skin Eruptions Disappear as Result of Famous Remedy



If you should meet anyone varnishing a sore with a greasy ointment, your best advice would be to quit such things and attend to the blood.

To successfully fight any blood trouble, some eruptive skin disease—call it eczema, lupus, psoriasis, malaria or scrofula—get your blood under the influence of S. S. S. It is one of those rare medical forces which act in the blood with the same degree of certainty that it is found in all natural remedies. The manner in which it dominates and controls the mysterious transference of rich, red, pure, vital blood, for the diseased venous blood is removed, and the body is recharged with pure acids, peroxide and other blood impurities are forced in the form of invisible vapor; the bowels, kidneys, bladder and all excretories of the body are maintained into a fighting force to expel every vestige of eruptive disease.

There is scarcely a community anywhere but what has its living example of the wonderful curative effects of S. S. S. Get a bottle of this famous remedy today, and if your case is stubborn or peculiar, write to the S. S. S. Co., 210 Swift Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

Do not permit anyone to talk you into some useless compound they put up as a substitute for S. S. S. No honest druggist will do this.

days ran the St. Charles hotel.

Newlands and his mother were en route to Pasadena in a car of this same make as the car driven by Symington. Eyewitnesses say the crossing bell was ringing and that four other automobiles dashed across in front of the approaching train after the bell began ringing. Whether Newlands saw the wig-wagging red disk and heard the bell, but took the chance of getting safely across, or whether he swung around the obscuring oak trees and was upon the track before he realized the danger will never be known.

Both Newlands, who was 40 years of age, and his mother, who was 60, were thrown from their car and hurled forty feet through the air, landing to the south of the track. The automobile was carried 1,200 feet, broken parts being strewn along the way.

The Evening Herald delivered for 50c per month.

--cool evenings

MAKE FIRES FOR HEATING AT NIGHT NECESSARY. IT IS TROUBESOME TO START A FIRE EVERY EVENING.

AVOID THIS TROUBLE BY USING GENUINE GAS COKE. THIS COKE WILL KEEP A FIRE ALL DAY LONG IF PROPERLY HANDLED. ORDER A TON AND LET OUR MAN SHOW YOU HOW. \$6.50 DELIVERED IN YOUR BIN.

Albuquerque Gas, Electric Light & Power Co. Phone 98

\$21.30 Albuquerque to Denver and Return Account Ninth Annual Meeting National Western Stock Show and Seventeenth Annual Convention American National Live Stock Association, January 19 to 24. Tickets on sale January 17-18 and 19th. Final return limit January 28th. O. J. OLIN, Ticket Clerk. P. J. JOHNSON, Agent.



Will be the result of your purchase if the shoes come from us. When you buy here besides style and fit you get shoe service. You are sure of this for if the shoes are not right our guarantee of satisfaction is, it outlasts every pair of shoes we sell. Service and quality is the full pledge of our policy and it is our highest aim to have every customer say "I am satisfied."

WILLIAM CHAPLIN THE SATISFYING SHOE STORE 121 West Central Avenue.